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 will receive attention at the proper time.

#### ANOTHER PRINTING SCANDAL COMING?

Rumors are not always authentic, but there is  
 the old saying that where there is so much smoke  
 there must be some fire. It is to be hoped that  
 such is not the case, however, in the rumors that  
 are floating about relative to the printing for the  
 session of the legislature that convened today.

According to these stories the printing con-  
 tract has practically been let, although no bids  
 have yet been received. It is stated that the print-  
 ing will go to a publisher outside of the city and  
 that he will farm it out to his chosen printers in  
 Oklahoma City. It is even stated that the price  
 has already been fixed and that it is high enough.

If these rumors are true it is not a step by the  
 legislature in the direction of economy. It is not  
 even a step toward honesty, but might be pointed  
 to as a start in the opposite direction. The last  
 legislature had an experience of that kind that  
 should be a lesson to those who are members now.

Naturally there is a disposition on the part  
 of the members to favor their friends, but they  
 should not let this inclination lead them to doing  
 something that will not be fair. It should be  
 borne in mind that this administration has the  
 bare chance of extending the life of the party in  
 power in this state. Also it should be remembered  
 that the people of the state are entitled to honest  
 treatment.

If this is to be a wasteful and extravagant ses-  
 sion of the legislature the people of the state will  
 soon know it. There will be no possibility of cov-  
 ering up anything that is done. Least of all, in  
 the face of the past, there should be no printing  
 scandal connected with this session.

#### NO CHANGE IN THE TARIFF LAWS.

From a source that seems reliable comes the in-  
 formation that there will be no change in the Un-  
 derwood tariff law during the life of the present  
 administration. At least there will be no changes  
 made at the suggestion of President Wilson.

As to what will be done should President Wil-  
 son be elected to a second term nothing has been  
 said. In fact no calculations have been made that  
 far ahead. The president is said to be satisfied  
 with the tariff law as it now exists and he believes  
 it as nearly perfect as any tariff measure can be  
 made at this time. Changes may become necessary  
 in the future on account of conditions that may  
 arise, but the administration believes that the  
 present law will work out all right.

The contention is made that the European war  
 interfered with the test of the Underwood tariff  
 law and that had there been no war the law would  
 have had a fair chance to improve conditions. This  
 is the Democratic view of it. On the other hand  
 the Republicans are saying that had it not been  
 for the war the Underwood law would have  
 plunged the country into a panic.

From all of which it is easy to arrive at the  
 conclusion that very few statesmen can foretell  
 accurately just what the effect of any tariff law  
 will be. They make their calculations, based upon  
 their own best judgment, but very frequently they  
 miss the mark.

At any rate it would be a serious mistake for  
 the Democrats to tinker any more with the tariff  
 during the present term of President Wilson. It  
 would virtually be a confession that a mistake  
 had been made and that the administration's  
 policy was not in harmony with the economic con-  
 ditions of the country. Any step toward protec-  
 tion would set the other parties to howling again  
 to such an extent that it could not be taken with  
 safety.

#### A FORWARD TO THE LAND MOVEMENT.

Every day brings forth a new scheme for the  
 benefit of mankind. Nearly every day sees some  
 old scheme laid aside for lack of being practical,  
 but hope springs eternal in the human breast and  
 so long as we have the problem of unemployment  
 there will be efforts to solve that problem by re-  
 duction of the number of those out of work.

There is a Forward-to-the-Land League that  
 has for its fundamental business the getting of the  
 idle man upon idle land. The common method has  
 been to plead with the idle men to go to the idle  
 land, his carfare being paid and other expenses,  
 but it was found that when he got there he had  
 no capital with which to work and one might just  
 as well be told to go into store-keeping without  
 any money as to go into farming under like condi-  
 tion.

It is the plan of the new land league to organ-  
 ize in every city a colonization company. That  
 company is to be backed by the capital of philan-  
 thropists and it is frankly admitted that it will  
 require millions in such case, for each local com-  
 pany has to purchase large tracts of nearly and de-

veloped land and then make it a point to get peo-  
 ple started, taking care of them so that they are  
 housed and fed and set to earning a wage until  
 they are ready to push ahead on their own account.

All that is necessary, apparently, is to find the  
 people who are willing to put up millions in the  
 development of lands near cities and to continue  
 backing such enterprises until it begins to return  
 the money, not for profit, but for the good of man-  
 kind. All that is expected is that the investor shall  
 get his money back without interest, having the  
 satisfaction of doing good by the way in which the  
 money is employed while temporarily out of his  
 hands.

#### ANOTHER SERIOUS QUESTION ARISES.

Great Britain is said to be very much concerned  
 over President Wilson's protest in regard to the  
 detention of American cargoes by British war-  
 ships. There can be no doubt that the situation  
 created by insistence upon the right of search is  
 as serious as anything between the Washington  
 and London governments since President Cleve-  
 land delivered his message in regard to the Venezu-  
 elan affair.

The present trouble is not wholly due to the  
 over-zealousness of the British naval authorities.  
 While Great Britain actually has injured our trade  
 by its acts, there are evidences of a disposition  
 on the part of certain of our shippers to resort to  
 sharp practices. Copper is contraband of war.  
 On several occasions British naval officers have  
 found that metal secreted under the cargoes of  
 American ships.

The questions of what constitutes contraband  
 of war is a serious one. Since the opening of the  
 present conflict, Great Britain, Germany and  
 France have made official statements on the sub-  
 ject. While the Washington government has an-  
 nounced that it is desirous of preserving its neu-  
 trality, it has not conceded the right of the bel-  
 ligerents to define categorically those articles  
 which are contraband of war.

The greatness of a nation depends upon its  
 ability to extend its trade. There can be no doubt  
 that the struggle to control the markets of the  
 world has been largely responsible for a war which  
 has affected every part of the globe where civiliza-  
 tion prevails. If Great Britain insists it has the  
 right to stop our ships for an inspection which may  
 cause grievous delay and disarrangement of cargo,  
 it may go so far that it will drive the most of our  
 ships from the ocean.

#### A NEW TRADE FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

It remained for Brooklyn to develop a new  
 trade for the unemployed men who hesitate to  
 take jobs that call for manual labor. The new  
 trade, while it lasted, was that of playing the  
 role of a fake father at the moving picture  
 houses.

The city has a law which prevents children  
 from visiting the moving picture houses unless  
 accompanied by one or the other of their parents.  
 Such a law as that did not stop the enthusiastic  
 patrons of tender years for an instant, however.  
 They gathered in groups around the corner and  
 soon found an unemployed man who was willing  
 to act, for a small consideration made up by pass-  
 ing the hat, as the parent of a group of them.

Of course the man in the box office could not  
 leave his post to make an investigation of the  
 children's parentage and he felt no inclination to  
 do so, any way. His business was to sell tickets  
 to parents for their children and he was not en-  
 gaged as a detective.

From that small start the business grew by  
 leaps and bounds. At every moving picture house  
 one or two "fathers" found profitable employ-  
 ment during the afternoons and evenings. At one  
 place a fake father took as many as two hundred  
 of his pretended offspring into the moving pic-  
 ture show during an afternoon. The fact that  
 they were of different nationalities and that there  
 was one negro among the white children did not  
 deter him from earning a living in that way.

But finally the police found it out and now  
 the business of being a father at the moving pic-  
 ture houses has been broken up. At the same time  
 the parronage has fallen off greatly and the chil-  
 dren will have to find some other way to get  
 around the law.

#### THE HUMOR OF MAKING PROPHECIES.

Sometimes those who make prophecies become  
 unconsciously humorous, with no intent to do any-  
 thing of the kind. That must be the case with Dr.  
 Newell Dwight Hillis, who has declared that in the  
 next fifty years the population of the United States  
 will reach four hundred millions.

This would not be so bad, but Doctor Hillis  
 goes on to predict that in that time we will be  
 forced to seize Mexico, Central America and a part  
 of Canada to make room for our spreading and  
 growing population. He points out that Americans  
 already own large portions of the territory named.

This is remarkable as an example of the manner  
 in which one man can take two sets of facts of  
 similar nature and from them draw wholly oppos-  
 ing conclusions. Doctor Hillis was once a devout  
 worshiper of all things German. He had a popular  
 lecture telling about the greatness and glories of  
 the Teutons—but don't ask him to deliver it now.  
 Even at the outbreak of the war he was pro-Ger-  
 man.

Today he no longer champions the kaiser and  
 his people. He condemns them and their ambi-  
 tions very thoroughly. Some of his remarks were  
 only echoes of a sermon which he preached a few  
 weeks ago in Plymouth Tabernacle and which  
 caused a sensation throughout the whole of New  
 York.

It was then that Doctor Hillis first gave wide  
 publicity to his idea that the war started because  
 the people of Germany coveted certain rich iron  
 deposits in France, and he raked the Teutons fore  
 and aft for retaining what he happily character-  
 ized as a tribal idea of God.

He had a few things to say also about their in-  
 clination to consider themselves a chosen people,  
 elected to lord it over the remainder of creation.  
 The very future he prophesied with approval for  
 this nation, he condemned the Germans for striving  
 to attain.

Austria has announced that it will pay no in-  
 terest on its obligations to enemies. In other  
 words it admits a financial stringency and has de-  
 cided to ease it by defaulting on certain bonds and  
 notes whose holders are not in a position to com-  
 pel payment. Debts ought to be paid whether na-  
 tions are at war or not; but in such a crisis as  
 that Europe is experiencing today there can be no  
 reference to the general rules of former periods.

#### PEANUTS IN THE ROASTER

We shall always be thankful, though,  
 that Hon. Dryden ducked around the  
 Amazons when he wrote the story of  
 Palamon and Arcite.

Not that we have no interest in the  
 Amazons, but they hate to be con-  
 fronted with them every time we pick  
 up a book to read something.

The Amazons, as we gather from  
 reading about them, were women who  
 came forward with a glad about any  
 time they heard there was some fight-  
 ing to be done.

If they existed today we imagine  
 that they would have had mere man  
 lashed to the mast years ago and  
 that this vote for women thing would



have been put over without the  
 slightest murmur on his part.

At least it is safe to say that he  
 would not have done any murmuring  
 where the Amazons would be likely to  
 hear it.

Also it is easy to see that the Ama-  
 zons, if they were with us now, would  
 tell the members of the legislature  
 just what to do and the members  
 would immediately go to it.

It was a common practice along  
 about that time to banish incorrigi-  
 bles to the inhospitable shores of  
 Exhine, but the fair warriors of the  
 female gender didn't seem to take  
 much stock in that sort of punishment.

They planted their victims about  
 six feet under the ground or covered  
 them up in the trenches where they  
 fell, after which they went away and  
 forgot about them.

Also they didn't put in so much of  
 their time searching for the Golden  
 Fleece as the men did along about  
 that period.

There are those who are tall enough  
 now to get into the Amazon class, if  
 they saw fit to organize again and go  
 into the business in earnest, but they



couldn't march very far in those tight  
 skirts which fashion decrees that they  
 must wear.

We do not contend that the stock  
 has run out, however, and that no  
 descendants of those warlike women  
 are in existence today.

An assertion of that kind would  
 bring to this office a large number of  
 men, we wot, who would be able to  
 show visible evidence that such is  
 not the case.

And while Colonel Palamon died  
 young, according to the Hon. Dryden's  
 account, still he was fortunate in that  
 he never met up with an Amazon in  
 battle array.

Also the youth who thinks that the  
 policeman with flat feet is a terror  
 would quickly have changed his mind  
 had he happened to have been born



a long time ago as the offspring of  
 one of those who smiled joyously and  
 took a short cut across lots every  
 time she heard the bugle call to arms.

And we are glad that Hon. Dry-  
 den had some enlightenment to deprive Em-  
 ily of any warlike propensity, thereby  
 making it easy for Arcite and con-  
 structing a story that has for years  
 been read with great avidity by the  
 men.

But we fail to understand why it  
 would not have been just as easy to  
 have had Emily born twins, so that  
 Palamon and Arcite could have had  
 one spouse.

Surely there must have been a  
 scarcity of gentle maidens like Emily  
 at that time when nobody could tell,  
 when the girl baby arrived, whether  
 she would turn out to be an Amazon  
 or safe for a man to marry.

And sometimes the same problem  
 confronts those who live in this late  
 day, far removed from Greek history  
 and fiction.

Also, believe us, Horace, it is some  
 problem.

RICHARD S. GRAVES.

## The Village Eleccionist.

(Copyright, 1915, by W. Werner.)

With hands working, slim figure  
 swaying, plump cheeks and brilliant  
 eyes, Theresa Judd walked back and  
 forth across the living room floor, her  
 thin voice breaking into impassioned  
 utterances. In the next room, which  
 was the dining room, her daughter,  
 Theodosia, aged eleven, sat very still,  
 with her legs curled under her, ap-  
 parently reading.

Theresa had been thus walking a  
 long time. She had, indeed, forgotten  
 how long. She was lost in imagination  
 as she recited. The piece was long  
 and difficult, and had proved a task  
 to memorize, but she was sure of it at  
 last. All that remained for her to do  
 was to polish it until it should be  
 ready for presentation to her hear-  
 ers.

A great occasion awaited Theresa's  
 election. She had been asked to speak  
 that evening at the symposium of  
 the women's club. Westmore prided  
 itself on its clubs, of which there were  
 every kind and condition, from a mere  
 tete-a-tete affair of four or so mem-  
 bers, which met with workbooks of an  
 afternoon, to the auction bridge club,  
 which numbered every woman who  
 possessed an evening frock and  
 some who did not. The symposium  
 had been arranged with much careful  
 attention to details. There was to be  
 plenty of music of course. But there  
 was only one person who could "elo-  
 cute," as Miss Preston said. And that  
 person was Theresa Judd.

Theresa Judd was what is called a  
 "born speaker." She had never had  
 any instruction other than that from  
 teachers and parents and one romantic  
 old aunt had given her. It had never  
 occurred to her that she needed any  
 other. Theresa was not conceited.  
 She was merely ignorant. She had  
 merely ignored. She had never in  
 her life heard any one who could re-  
 cite the "Charge of the Light Bri-  
 gade" better than she did. She had, in  
 fact, never been out of Westmore  
 more than three or four times.

Theresa loved the whole business of  
 reciting. She was ever on the lookout  
 for new pieces. When she found one  
 to her taste she could scarcely eat  
 or sleep until she had learned it. And  
 when she had learned it she practiced  
 it faithfully, it filled her with pro-  
 found emotion to hear the sound of  
 her own voice rolling off eloquent  
 phrases.

Now suddenly upon her peaceful  
 rehearsing broke her little daughter's  
 small, quiet voice. "Pa's coming,"  
 said Theodosia.

Theresa stopped. She had forgotten  
 everything save the death scene of the  
 great ocean liner which she was recit-  
 ing. The facts of everyday life  
 flowed back upon her in a slow chill-  
 ing tide. Tunis, her husband, was  
 coming home from his carpenter work,  
 and she had forgotten supper! She  
 had meant to make a pan of biscuits.

It was too late for that now.  
 Tunis Judd liked his meals on time.

"And there isn't a slice of bread in  
 the house," she exclaimed.

Theodosia uncurled her long, thin  
 legs. "I can borrow a loaf of Mrs.  
 Felix's," she suggested faintly.

"Yes, do, darling, and tell her I'll  
 pay her back when I bake a fresh  
 batch tomorrow. Hurry now."

Theresa ran to the kitchen. She  
 reached it at about the same instant  
 that her husband came in at the outer  
 door. He was a tall, thin, pale man,  
 with rather hard, deep-set eyes. Those  
 hard eyes swept the kitchen for  
 signs of supper. "Well," he said, with



Tunis Stared at Her Across the Table.

An explosive breath, "same old story,  
 I see. I wish that the time would never  
 come when my woman would keep her  
 home like other men's wives. You  
 better give up this piece speaking and  
 look after your family, Theresa. I'm  
 sick and tired of the way you do."

He went over to the window, sat  
 down, and looked out gloomily. There  
 was a fresh paper hanging on the line,  
 but he did not care for reading. He  
 knew enough about what was going  
 on by hearing the men talk, he said.  
 He had come home for the sake of his  
 supper and pipeful of tobacco after-  
 ward. Sometimes a neighbor came in  
 to play "seven up" with him; some-  
 times Theodosia played dominoes with  
 him during the evening. In his way  
 Tunis Judd was a good deal of a dolt,  
 and well content to be such. He de-  
 pised his wife for not being the same  
 thing. Yet he had married her because  
 she was not so unrepentable as the at-  
 traction of opposites.

Theresa, feeling his disgust with  
 her, shook and blundered over her  
 supper getting. Occasionally Theodosia  
 slipped forward and did some little  
 task or errand for her, so quietly and  
 poetically that her ministrations seem-  
 ed more that of a spirit than of a hu-  
 man little girl.

Theodosia looked like her mother,  
 but she harked back further than  
 either her father or mother for some  
 of her traits. She always had seemed  
 especially near to her father. Theresa  
 felt somewhat that Theodosia shared  
 her father's opinions. Whenever Theo-  
 dosia gave her one of her long, specu-  
 lative looks Theresa cringed inwardly.  
 She believed that the child was  
 appraising her to her discredit. She  
 did not understand Theodosia very  
 well and she felt a sense of her own  
 inadequacy when she saw how com-  
 panionable Theodosia found her father.  
 The two of them seemed al-  
 ways to be thrusting her afar off. The  
 further they thrust her the more ear-  
 nestly she turned to her "piece speak-  
 ing" for compensation.

At the supper table she ate almost  
 nothing. She was timid as usual  
 about standing up alone before so  
 many people with nothing but her  
 memory to save her from disgrace. At  
 such times Theresa felt a terrible  
 loneliness and fear, but once she got  
 into the business of speaking she for-  
 got fear and timidity and lived in her  
 "piece" until the last word was spoken.

Tonight, however, she was trou-  
 bled by something more than the pros-  
 pect of her own timidity. She wished  
 very much that her husband should go  
 to the symposium with her, but she  
 was almost afraid to ask him.

When at last she did, after many  
 efforts, Tunis stared at her across the  
 table with those cool, hard eyes of his.  
 "Well, I guess not," he said. "What  
 do I care about a lot of fool women?"

"But there will be men, too, dear."  
 And refreshments—eagerly she re-  
 membered his propensity—"ice cream  
 and cake, and coffee and pickles."

"I've had my supper."

"I thought maybe you'd like to  
 hear me speak my new piece."

Tunis snuffed. "I guess I can live  
 through it," he said. "Norm Hess is  
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 through it," he said. "Norm Hess is  
 coming in to play checkers with me."



Suddenly Theresa Turned Pale as  
 Death and Stood Speechless.

Theresa said no more, but her face  
 looked miserable as she bowed it over  
 her plate.

After she had washed the dishes  
 she proceeded to make herself ready.  
 She put on her little blue satin, in  
 which she really looked very nice, and  
 she helped dress Theodosia. Then,  
 hand in hand they set forth. By this  
 time Tunis was deep in checkers, and  
 scarcely replying when they bade him  
 goodnight.

The symposium was to be held at  
 Mrs. Grant's house, the largest in  
 town. There were already a score of  
 people in the parlor when Theodosia  
 and Theresa entered. Theresa knew  
 everybody and everybody was kind to  
 her. Even Miss Sterling, West-  
 more's beloved singer came and sat  
 down by her a moment and asked if  
 she felt nervous. But all this genial-  
 ity failed to cheer Theresa. She  
 could not forget that at home her  
 husband sat uncaring whether she  
 failed or succeeded. She was aware  
 also that Theodosia would take no  
 great interest in her speaking. Theo-  
 dosia doubtless in her heart felt the  
 same contempt that her father did.

Other women's husbands came with  
 them, smiling and amiable. Theresa  
 had to excuse the absence of hers a  
 dozen times. The rooms were soon  
 crowded.

The first number was a piano solo  
 by Alice Grant. She was encored.  
 The next number was a violin solo  
 by young Mr. Briggs. He also was en-  
 cored. Then Sue Sterling sang three  
 times, after which it was Theresa's  
 turn. She walked to the place facing  
 both rooms and began. Emotion and  
 imagination failed to be invoked. She  
 could not forget the crowded rooms  
 before her or what had happened at  
 home. While her utterance took one di-  
 rection her thoughts took another.  
 She had tried to be a good wife to  
 Tunis. She had given him all her life  
 save that little part which she de-  
 voted to her election. That did not seem  
 a wickedness or a neglect of duty. Yet  
 Tunis disapproved of it. And Theo-  
 dosia was growing to disapprove. She  
 foresaw that she must give up her dear